The Boyfriend

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The Boyfriend

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Pretending to be Elias's boyfriend for a story doesn't turn out quite as Adam had expected.

Early December

I AM SEEKING: Man for a date. 30s - 40s. Must be really good looking.
I AM: A charming Danish man with a big personality.

*

Adam remembered reading over the advert a few times before responding. He was sure it was the same as the others he'd seen in the weeks previous and that had tweaked his inner investigative journalist to the very core. Who was this guy who kept putting out ads with ever increasing frequency? Was he undateable?

Adam had started to wonder if the man was a serial killer. Either way, there had to be a story there, right?

There had definitely been a story. And more.

The more being, MUCH more. MUCH much more. In fact much BIGGER than Adam had ever anticipated.

At first glance, Adam could see why the man would want to find anonymous dates. He wasn't conventionally attractive, and Adam could imagine that he would struggle in the dating pools of life. But what most likely put most people off if they weren't that shallow was how fucking rude the man was.

All of this became somehow irrelevant, Adam reflected as he moaned. His thighs tightened and he collapsed forward a little, his hands on a surprisingly toned, furred chest.

All Adam had seen at first was the story.

Either he'd been about to meet with a serial killer or…

Or, it turned out, a man so desperate to get his family off his back about ever settling down, that he wanted to convince someone to be his fake boyfriend for a family weekend event.

Adam should have been put off by the surprised expression on the man's face when he got to that part and Adam didn't leave their little restaurant date. Clearly that was the farthest he'd gotten with anyone else previously, and his fumbling for words was sort of endearing.

At the time Adam was focused on getting a story, and suddenly one presented itself. Something about family pressure, looking for love later in life, societal expectations, how undateable this guy is.

All of which seemed like utter bollocks right now as he bounced up and down on the thickest, longest cock he'd ever encountered.

"Elias…" Adam groaned as big hands tightened on his waist, pulling him down harder on each thrust.

"I'm goin-" Elias slurred the words but then cut off anyway as he groaned and dug his fingers into Adam's skin.

"Fuckkkk," Adam's own groan filled the air as he felt Elias spill inside him, fill him up.

With a grunt, Elias clumsily took Adam's cock in his hand between them and began to stroke it, his other hand still guiding Adam's hips to ride him. He could feel how hard Elias still was inside him, and despite the haphazard and clearly unpracticed (at least on another person) hand job, Adam was so fucking close.

He put his hands around the back of Elias's neck and dragged him forward, pressing their mouths together in a hungry kiss. It was a little sloppy, but he could forgive Elias that as their bodies still rut together. Until finally Adam groaned again and came all over Elias's fist. His ass clenched down around the thick cock inside him and he felt Elias experience a whole body shudder as he came again with a cry.

*

When the young man had walked into the restaurant, Elias didn't dare get up his hopes that this was the man who had contacted him in response to his advert.

But then, as he saw the man's red carnation boutonniere to match his own, Elias realised that of course it was the man for him. And why wouldn't it be? Such a beautiful man, just as he deserved. For he had been told many times that he was also quite attractive, which was undoubtedly true.

When the man spotted him and gave a little wave, Elias felt his cock twitch. He cleared his throat and frowned, digging the heel of his hand against his crotch in frustration as he tried to keep focus. The family get together was in a week and he still didn't have anyone to go with him despite having told them all he had a boyfriend, he couldn't afford for this one to go wrong as the rest had.

Of course, it hadn't really been a lie. Elias could get any man he wanted really, so saying he had a boyfriend was more of a preemptive announcement than a fabrication. He just needed to decide who that boyfriend would be.

Certainly not any of the candidates so far. They had all been very rude and weren't very interesting. Some had been rude enough to leave halfway through dinner! He needed someone his family would be impressed by, and so it was lucky none of them had returned his calls after their date as they weren't suitable anyway.

"Hi, I'm Adam," the young man had said, holding out his hand to shake as he reached the table.

"Adam, Adam…" Elias chanted the words as the young man bounced on his cock.

They had first made love that morning, quite by accident. Both euphoric from how well the weekend had been going, how fooled the family was, and the mutual attraction was clear. Which was to be expected.

Of course, it had been inevitable. Once they had met and had a nice dinner together and Elias had explained that he needed a boyfriend to take home for a weekend for his family's Christmas get together, it had only been a matter of time. Elias knew how irresistible he was.

And now it was their final evening at his old family home, and they couldn't keep their hands off each other as they made love for the second time, with every expectation that it would be as mind blowing as the morning had been.

"Fuck," Adam muttered, gritting his teeth as he rode Elias harder. "I knew this would be a great story, but I wasn't expecting the bonus sex."

"Yes," Elias moaned, his hands gripping Adam's hips tighter before the words sank in. "Story?"

*

It had been a quick and easy decision to go with Elias to his family get together. The man was a complete nut. Incredibly rude, bizarrely self assured, and in need of a fake boyfriend for a pre-Christmas reunion. There was definitely a story in all of this, one that would be all too easy to sell to a tabloid.

Adam was used to making shit up, so he created an easy backstory for them. That they were fairly new and had met on a date, just as the night where they actually had first met. It was easy enough from there for the two of them to make a list of random shit to swap that would make things seem a bit more genuine - favourite ice cream, how they took their coffee. Small things.

And yet, it had all been completely unnecessary.

Elias's family, all of whom were also a little bit *off*, though possibly not so much as Elias himself, didn't care about how they had met or anything. They were just so thrilled that Elias had a boyfriend. Or more accurately, that Adam was real.

So in the end, all that was needed was for him to lavish Elias with enough affection for them to ooh and ahh and fall completely for the charade. And, as it turned out, that was a lot easier when Elias seemed really into it.

It was clear from the man's nearly constantly hard dick that it was more than a charade for Elias. And really, Adam should probably have discouraged that, but this wouldn't be the first time he let pleasure get in the way of business.

Elias wasn't his usual type, but big dicks were, and the outline in his terrible trousers alone was enough to get Adam quickly on side.

And now on said dick for the second time in twelve hours.

It was their last evening at the family home on this strange little island Ork. They'd all been drinking eggnog and mulled wine, the occasional snowball thrown in, and gifts had been exchanged between the siblings, with the intention of opening them on Christmas Day. It was all rather cute, and as the lights got dimmer and Adam got drunker, he felt like maybe there was more to Elias than just a big dick. Possibly.

It was hard to be sure now as he slammed himself down over and over in the man's lap. He was fucking huge, a struggle even for Adam, not that he didn't love every inch of it.

He was so close, so full and turned on that he was sure this was going to become one of those few times when he'd come untouched.

But then he felt Elias's hands tighten on his hips and stop him. For a moment Adam thought that Elias must have come, but then as he came down a little from his ever increasing sexual high, he focused on Elias's face and realised that he was on the verge of tears.

"You're using me?" Elias asked in a pitiful tone that made Adam feel bad, which wasn't something he was used to.

He could feel the wonderful cock inside him rapidly softening as he tried to rewind his words and recall what he had said in the heat of the moment.

“You’re writing a story about this?”

Ah, shit. Adam grit his teeth and felt his own cock start to flag.

He’d unscooped his own scoop and had fucked himself over. Unfortunately not literally.

One Week Before Christmas

The rest of that evening and the journey home had been almost unbearably awkward. Elias had said nothing to Adam, and Adam found himself thankful that the rest of the household were so busy that they didn’t seem to notice, even during the goodbyes.

He got the impression they just didn’t think all that much about Elias in their considerations and daily life. And he couldn’t help but think of how that must make Elias feel, and why he wanted to prove something by bringing a boyfriend home.

It was that thought that constantly played on Adam’s mind since his return home.

His own small apartment seemed all the colder and lonely despite the few decorations he’d put up. It wasn’t anything compared to the way Elias’s family had gone all out, but it was quite standard for him. And yet now it didn’t feel as warm and Christmassy as it previously had.

Adam put on some Christmas music to get him in the mood whilst he began writing up his story. And that was harder than he’d imagined as well.

He had never had writer’s block or anything like that before. But trying to write this story felt impossible. He knew the angle he wanted, he knew where to land the punchlines in a story about a rude, miserable old man that had to take a fake boyfriend home to meet his family. But it all fell flat on the page and he deleted most lines immediately after writing them.

He couldn’t bring himself to even read back some of the shit he was writing about Elias and his family, even if it was all true.

“Fuck,” he muttered, highlighting the whole page and pressing delete.

Sure, Elias was odd but his situation had become sort of understandable to Adam, and it was hard to write anything about it that was even close to ridicule.

He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. He still had a deadline, he’d already pretty much sold this piece to one of the usual rags. They could obviously still refuse to print it and he knew what they were like, what they wanted. They loved a humiliation piece.

Adam frowned at the empty page on his screen and then began to type, his fingers flying across the keys.

I guess I have a Christmas present to myself this year, a gift of knowledge. And that knowledge is that I am a horrible person and that I hurt someone by chasing a story. Turns out, I'm the story. I'm the one worthy of ridicule.

This is what happened…

Christmas Eve

Elias didn't usually read crappy tabloids, he was much too intelligent to be entertained by such drivel. But the issue of Tattle that sat at the grocery store checkout drew his attention.

On the front cover was a small picture of Adam, with the words "Owning Up" and then some further words that Elias couldn't read from the distance and a direction to read more on Page 9. Elias blinked and let out a huff.

"Horrible man," he muttered even as his cock twitched.

He hated what Adam had done, but it was hard to deny that he had enjoyed his company and would have liked to have come inside him many more times had their final sexual encounter not been cut short - for good reason.

Adam wasn't worthy of his time or attention, and certainly not of his magnificent virility!

He grabbed the paper all the same and began reading it as he waited in line.

By the time six o'clock rolled around, Elias had read it so many times that the cheap paper was already becoming worn.

He read the last line over and over.

So I've learned my lesson and I want to be a better person. I also want to apologise to the wonderful man that I tried to use for this story. And I'd love to apologise to him in person. If you're reading this and you want an in person apology, I'll be at our restaurant at 7pm on Christmas Eve.

He could make it if he so wished, but he was still considering it.

Why should he? After Adam made a fool of him?

He was still considering it when he had messages from his brothers in quick succession, all along the same lines and having clearly seen the article too.

How Unexpected!

But he clearly dotes on you.

Good luck tonight, not that you need it!

He's a keeper!

With a huff, Elias started to decide what to wear.

*

Adam wasn't oblivious to the few looks he was getting.

The restaurant was busy, and whilst he hadn't specified the name in his article, clearly some of the patrons had read it and were waiting to see what happened. Some lingering overlong on their desserts.

It was almost 7.15pm and Adam felt like an idiot, but reckoned he deserved it. It served him right to be publicly stood up, though he couldn't bring himself to leave just yet. Just in case.

When he checked the time again - 7.18pm - Adam looked back up from his watch to see the main doors opening.

He let out a sigh as a young couple came in, but then his heart skipped a beat when Elias ambled in behind them with an annoyed expression. He waited impatiently in line for the Maître d' to see to him, but then spotted Adam and his eyes narrowed.

Adam's pulse raced. Elias was here, but he looked like he might have only come in order to give Adam a stern telling off, at the very least.

Ignoring the Maître d', Elias strode over to Adam's table as Adam stood.

"Elias--" he began, immediately cut off.

"You have some nerve! You are a very rude person and it is incredibly presumptuous to… presume that I would come and meet you!"

"You are meeting with me…" Adam edged cautiously as they both stood next to the table.

It was even harder to ignore the people around them now. Perhaps word had spread between tables, or perhaps they were being loud, because at least half the large room was watching keenly.

"I'm sorry," Adam said, immediately wanting to get that out there. "I never meant to hurt you…" he trailed off and shook his head. "That's not true. I didn't care if I hurt you, not at first."

"No, I think big cocks give you a conscience!" Elias bellowed, drawing gasps from several tables and giggles from others.

"I deserve that," Adam nodded, "but it wasn't just physical. Yes you are… a fine specimen of a man." Adam watched as Elias preened at those words and felt his own chest swell. "But I grew to like you as a person. Otherwise I'd have never had sex with you. Twice!"

Despite speaking at a lower volume, the attention was so great that there were more gasps, mutterings, giggles.

“We didn’t truly have sex!” Elias was affronted, his face a little red as they still both stood there in the centre of the restaurant. Now even people who had no idea what was going on were watching them intently.

Adam reeled at those words and frowned.

“What would you call what we did then?” He challenged, not wanting to explicitly state how he had ridden Elias’s cock like a man possessed.

Elias waved a dismissive hand, “I didn’t come, so I don’t think you can count it.”

More gasps and laughter chorused around them.

“Maybe we can go somewhere more private to discuss this?” Adam tried to keep the pleading from his voice. He wasn’t shy about sexuality in the least but wasn’t terribly keen on having the whole restaurant watch this play out like they were reading a gossip column. Ironically.

“Are you ashamed to be seen with me?” Elias’s response was a loud and clearly hurt demand.

“No, no!” Adam placated.

“You wanted to use me for a story, you wanted to use my body, and now you want me to be silent about it.”

Their audience murmured and booed, sending hard looks Adam’s way.

“It wasn’t like that!” Adam protested to Elias before turning to the restaurant, “it wasn’t like that,” he protested to the patrons, though from their expressions none seemed to believe him.

“I was just a story to you.”

“Only at first!” Adam interjected. “Then I started to get to know you and I… I really like you, Elias. Enough to write all about what an asshole I was to you. To all but flog myself for you. If you don’t want to accept my apology, that’s okay. But I’m still giving it.”

“You apologised in your article, why did you want to meet? Just to waste my ti--”

“Because I missed you,” Adam cut him off, his voice louder than he’d intended. “Because after spending less than a week with you I couldn’t bear the thought of never seeing you again.”

The entire room went quiet and it was a minute before Elias replied.

“Well, of course. You’re only human, I am very difficult to resist.”

There were guffaws and laughter around the room, but Adam was moved to realise that the tone seemed one of laughing with rather than at. There were even some soft sighs.

“That’s true,” Adam replied, softening. They gazed at each other for a long moment before Adam closed the space between them. “Do you have any plans for Christmas? My apartment

is pretty lonely, if you'd like to join me?"

"Why would I want to go to a lonely apartment?" Elias asked, frowning. "That's ridiculous."

"Because it won't be lonely with you there. I'll be there. And…" he leaned in and whispered in Elias's ear, "maybe we can finish what we started."

Elias let out an involuntary grunt and Adam felt him instantly hard against him.

"Okay…" Elias breathed out the word as Adam took his hand.

Hand in hand, with the patrons muttering behind them, they moved to the door only stopping when Adam realised there was a sprig of mistletoe hanging above their heads.

"Look at that," he said with a smile and then pulled Elias into a kiss.

He swallowed Elias's protests. Protests which made sense when he felt a wet warmth against his hip.

"It's okay," Elias muttered, "I will be hard again soon."

Adam blinked and considered that in the past he might have been embarrassed if a lover prematurely ejaculated in public, but right now? He was just so thrilled to know the effect he had on Elias. He discretely moved Elias's hand to his own hard cock and muttered.

"Good, because I'm not sure I can wait much longer either."

The sounds behind them, those perhaps still paying too close attention, turned to mutterings about getting a room.

Adam intended to.

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